

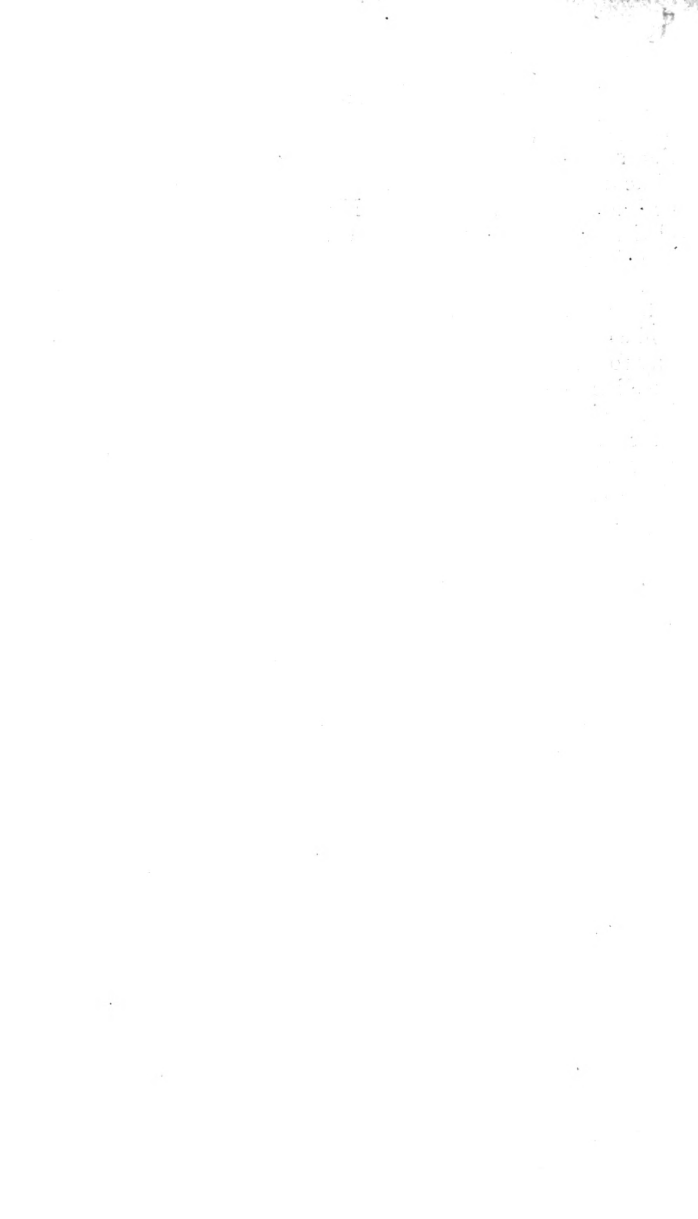
## **Leeds Church Institute.**

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# In Memoriam.

J. B. DYKES, M.A., MUS., DOC.,

BORN MARCH 10, 1823. DECEASED JAN. 22, 1876.

REPRINTED FROM

*The Literary Churchman.*

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LONDON :

W. SKEFFINGTON & SON, 163, PICCADILLY.

1876.

*Price 3d.*



It must be difficult indeed to over-estimate the thrill of sorrow which went through unnumbered hearts on the announcement of the decease of Dr. Dykes. For ourselves, we feel it almost equally impossible to conceal, or to express our feelings. Dr. Dykes was very widely known : wherever he was known, he was alike beloved and revered. Even where he was personally a stranger, his name was something more than a household word, for his countless hymn-tunes, often extremely beautiful, always singularly expressive, were favourites everywhere ; and it was well known that not one single devout feeling which those tunes expressed, but was an abiding principle of action in himself. Lovingness, devoutness, unselfishness, single-minded devotion to duty, and an utter unworldliness were stamped upon his character so deeply, that it would seem to be an act of strange ingratitude to the Great Master Who made him what he was if we were to let his departure pass by without something more than a common notice. We trust that there are many in this Church of England, lay and clerical, of whom, if we only knew them, like words would have to be used. In Dr. Dykes' case, however, all these points of character were visible. Men actually saw what a good man was like, a good man who never asserted his goodness, but from whom the influence of his goodness seemed to radiate because it could not help it, and without any consciousness on his own part. When such a man is taken away, it is a duty on the part of those who knew him, to say what they knew. And inasmuch as the pages of the *Literary Churchman* were, some years back, not unfrequently enriched by his contributions, it is only fitting that some slight notice of him should appear in our columns.

Dr. Dykes was a Yorkshireman. He was born in Hull on the 10th of March, 1823. His father, Mr. William Hey Dykes, was manager of a bank there. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Dykes, L.L.B., a clergyman of note of the old evangelical school, built S. John's Church in that town, and was himself its incumbent for more than fifty years, much beloved and respected. We believe that on his decease his friends raised a sum of money to commemorate his work among them by the foundation of an Exhibition at S. Catherine's College, Cambridge, with preference to Mr. Dykes' kin.

The musical talent of our departed friend came out very early. He could play from ear anything he had heard, even before he had received any instruction; and at ten years of age he used to play the organ during the services in his grandfather's Church. Otherwise, there was nothing specially remarkable about his boyhood, except that he was very quick and clever, and being singularly sensitive and affectionate, was naturally the favourite of the family. His religious convictions took depth and force noticeably after a severe attack of scarlet fever in the year 1840, when for some days he hung between life and death. It was shortly after this that his father went to reside in Wakefield, and young J. B. Dykes attended the proprietary school there, until he entered at S. Catherine's Hall [College as it is now styled] in October, 1843. Few Cambridge men of that date but will remember him as the life and soul of the University Musical Society, and it is not unlikely that his passionate love of music may have interfered with more serious reading. Even if it did, he went out with Mathematical Honours, and was a Senior Optime in January, 1847. In the same year he was ordained deacon (priest in 1848) to the curacy of Malton, in Yorkshire, and remained there until, in 1849, he became at once minor canon and precentor of Durham Cathedral, and Doctor of Music in the University of Durham. There he was, indeed, in his element. Passionately devoted to music, he was no less thorough in his devotion to his calling. His new position gave scope for both, and in the combination each seemed to help the other. Not but what he himself had his own fears and self-distrusts. He had been a hard working curate. He feared that in his minor canonry he might grow indolent and worldly, and, with his voice and pleasant manners, no one could have

wondered if social temptations should have swept him down the stream of easy and respectable self-pleasing. It was not so, however. His precentorship gave him opportunity of gaining an influence over the members of the Cathedral choir, both boys and men, and this influence he exerted to their mutual good, so that the precentorship in his hands was not a merely musical or professional office. Still, as he had no longer any definite parochial duties, he had much leisure at his disposal, and this he devoted to the studies proper to his calling. He wrote a good deal in the now extinct "Theologian and Ecclesiastic," a periodical which did not a little good work in its day, and contains not a few remarkable articles from the pens of men whose names are well known throughout the Church. We are very sorry that we are unable to give a list of Dr. Dykes' articles. Those which dwell upon our own memory were mainly on the book of the Apocalypse. Dr. Dykes was a most thorough student of Holy Scripture, and his knowledge was both wide and accurate. But of all the books of Holy Writ, the one which engrossed him most was the Apocalypse: and it came out strongly in his sermons. This taste for Apocalyptic study in him was in no way connected with that guessing about the end of the world, which, of late years, has been connected with the name of the presbyterian Dr. Cumming. In Dr. Dykes case it was the natural outcome of the devoutness of his mind, and of his intense realization of the world unseen. Dr. Dykes was unworldly in the sense of living above the world, and that view of the unseen side of this world's present history which is opened out by the Apocalypse was naturally congenial to him. He drew to it instinctively, and as was natural, such thoughts and studies drew his life and character further within the veil. Still he was not a mystic, but a practical Christian man, a high Churchman, as he could not help being, and with a touch of the ascetic temper too. A very remarkable sermon of his now lies before us, and a very characteristic one. It is on "Natural and Supernatural Life," and was preached in his turn as precentor, in Durham Cathedral, on Ash Wednesday, 1859, when he was now six-and-thirty years of age, and his character was fully formed. It shows him as he really was, a thoroughly devout, loyal and obedient Churchman, combining, as we have above pointed out, the practical and the unworldly, and exhibits that keenness of

conscience for which he was remarkable. It was, perhaps, this keenness of conscience, combined with a very considerable amount of definite theological study, which led to his being very soon found out by other people who felt their need of guidance. Hence, though it was not until some years later on that he again became parochial, he was largely consulted, and his correspondence was immense. Numbers of people, of course, wrote to him to give them hymn-tunes, but we imagine that as many had recourse to him for spiritual help, which he was always ready to give to the uttermost of his power. Should his letters have been preserved, it might be worth while to examine them and publish a selection.

In 1862 his precentorship of Durham Cathedral was terminated, by his acceptance of the Vicarage of S. Oswald's, in that city, with which he held also his minor canonry. What he was in that large parish, and how he gradually raised the whole tone, not of its services only, but of those who were attracted to them from the city generally, it is not easy to say. But it would be most unreal to pass over in silence the great blessing which that Church and its services, and not least, the sermons and the example of its Vicar, were, for the next dozen years at least, to the people of Durham. We say for the next dozen years, for alas ! as is only too well known, there came at last that unhappy collision between himself and his Diocesan, which was followed by the illness, whose fatal termination we now deplore. Dr. Dykes could not yield, and so for awhile he struggled on, curateless and single-handed, in that great parish. But the effort was too much. Health gave way under the combined pressure of work and of anxiety. Sensitive to a degree, and of a most tender conscience, the struggle in his mind between what his Diocesan required, and what he felt to be his duty to God and to the Church, was one wearing and ceaseless anxiety to him. Something of what he felt may be seen in the pages of a well-known letter\* to the Bishop of Durham, with its touching conclusion, *Da Pacem Domine*, dated July 13, 1874. It was his last cry of grief. Not long after this mind and body both gave way. He was taken to Switzerland, but travelling only made him worse, and during part of his absence it was feared he would

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\* EUCCHARISTIC TRUTH AND RITUAL. A Letter to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham. By the Rev. J. B. Dykes, M.A., Mus.D. London: Masters, 1874. Octavo. Pp. 96.



never be able to return to England. He revived, however, and at Ben-Rhydding, in the pleasant Wharfedale, he seemed better for a time, but when the cold weather came he failed again, and was sent for warmth to S. Leonard's, where the doctors still had hope that rest and time would restore him. Alas ! it was not to be. He grew weaker and weaker, and sank away, quite suddenly at the last, though not so suddenly but that the commendatory prayer was being said, the while, by the voice which he loved best. So ended that shortened life, but in how many Churches his own hymn-tunes were sung, with thoughts of him, the Sunday after his decease was known, no one can ever count. We have heard of many.

He was laid to rest in his own churchyard of S. Oswald's, almost under the shadow of the vast tower of his own Cathedral, on Friday, January 28. It was very touching and impressive. The Church quite full, and it is not a small one. Celebration at 8 a.m., with more than a hundred communicants, of whom a very great part were men. At nine o'clock the funeral service began, with the xxxixth Psalm, the sentences having been said previously, when the body was met by the Clergy and brought into the chancel at eight o'clock. Then, after one hymn, "The King of Love my Shepherd is" to Dr. Dykes' own (A. and M.) tune, and the Lesson, the whole of that vast congregation, joined by numbers more from the streets, followed the procession, Clergy and choir singing Ps. li., to the place of interment, all quiet and orderly, and showing every feeling of respect to one whose life and conversation had been known to them for seven-and-twenty years, and who, near fourteen years, had been their Vicar. The hymn "Oh Heavenly Jerusalem," was sung at the close of the Burial Office, and then Clergy and choir returned to the Church, singing the Hymn "Jesus lives."

It may seem almost premature now to say anything about Dr. Dykes as a composer, and yet we can hardly help giving a few notes and references to those of his tunes and anthems, which we think will prove permanent favourites among us. Quoting from the last, or revised, edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern, we notice No. 160 to "Holy, Holy, Holy":—No. 193, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul":—No. 207, "Our blest Redeemer, &c.":—and No. 370, "Eternal Father strong to save":—as having established themselves as *the* tunes which are everywhere sung to the words of the corresponding hymns;

and this not merely in other Church-hymnals, but in Allon's Congregational book, Nisbet's Presbyterian Book, and other Scotch hymn-books. The same may almost be said of No. 114 to "O come and mourn with me awhile":—and of No. 178, 1st tune, to "Jesu, the very thought of Thee." No. 365 to "O Lord of Heaven," written for THE HOLY YEAR, is, perhaps, more sung than any other tune during the collection of the alms after special sermons in churches. No. 172, to "Praise to the Holiest," is a good instance of the way in which he tried to make his music speak out the thought of the words—see the notes to "height" and "depth" in lines 1 and 2. So also in the fifth line of his new tune for "Sweet Saviour" No. 28, and in the tune No. 285, for "Fierce raged the tempest." The tune to No. 197, "The King of Love my Shepherd is," is also very popular.

Of the new tunes in the revised edition, every sheet of which passed through his hands, No. 222, to Dean Alford's striking words, "Ten thousand times ten thousand," is the grandest, the most jubilant tone he ever wrote, and it has already been sung at several Church Festivals. No. 256, to "Come unto Me ye weary," is sure to become *the* tune for those words; and No. 340, a tune for children, is quite a gem in its way.

That his *Dies Irae* (No. 398), is the one *modern* tune for those words, is acknowledged by its adoption in the new S.P.C.K. book. His Communion Service in F is one of the very best for moderately good choirs, and his *Te Deum* in F is widely known. Of the Anthems it is needless to speak. Everybody knows "These are they, &c.," and praise or criticism from us would be out of place; but we may name the neat and comprehensive essay on "The Manner of Performing Divine Service," (see pp. li.—lxv.), which Dr. Dykes contributed to Mr. J. H. Blunt's Annotated Prayer Book, and which is well worthy of its author. More we would gladly add, but the space is exhausted, and we can only ask that our readers will accept this brief notice rather as a tribute to his memory than as even an attempt at a survey of his work.

We should add that Dr. Dykes married, in 1850, Susan, daughter of George Kingston, Esq., of Malton, who survives him. He also leaves two sons and four daughters.



